

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

October 1949





US INFORMATION SERVICES BRANCH, VIENNA

LIVING IS AN ADVENTURE for 8-year-old Austrian Helga. She doesn't let her partially paralyzed arms and legs stop her from getting the most out of life. She loves to work with pretty thread and wool. This work helps to make her arms and hands stronger.

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 31

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NUMBER 1

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## OCTOBER COVERS

CHILDREN of Displaced Persons are shown on shipboard coming to new homes in the United States. They are having fun reading books and playing with games and toys given them by the American Junior Red Cross. The story of "Erkki" on page 8 will tell you more about these children.

## ADVENTURES

ALMOST ALL boys and girls thrill to adventures. The adventures you enjoy most may be your own. Or they may have happened in a book, in an exciting movie, or in a picture strip.

For this year's issues of the *News*, we have chosen a different adventure for each month.

OCTOBER—*Adventures in Living with Others*

NOVEMBER—*Adventures in Growing Up*

DECEMBER—*Adventures in Giving*

JANUARY—*Adventures in Keeping Healthy and Happy*

FEBRUARY—*Adventures in Having Friends*

MARCH—*Adventures in Serving and Sharing*

APRIL—*Adventures in Conserving and Protecting Life and Property*

MAY—*Adventures in Using Leisure Time*

## DATES TO REMEMBER

*United Nations Week*—October 17-24.

PERHAPS you will want to observe these dates in a special way in your classroom. The United Nations is today one of the world's greatest adventures in living with others.

*Halloween*—October 31

THIS YEAR see what fun you can make, not only for yourselves, but for all your friends and neighbors. Halloween can be a real adventure in living with others, if you try to make it so!

*Enrollment for Service*—November 1-15

PLAN EARLY to enroll your class for service in Junior Red Cross this new school year.

—Lois S. Johnson, *Editor*.



GLADYS M. RELYEA

Illustrations by  
Alexander Key

## Jimmy's New Home

IT WAS a hot Saturday afternoon in September in Tarpon Springs, Florida. Jimmy Winson sat in the narrow shade of a telephone pole on the rickety wharf where the sponge boats were tied up. His sister Emily sat in the shade of the pole, too, her feet braced against the ropes mooring the new sponge boat, the *Porpoise*.

As long as they stayed out of the sun, the breeze from the Gulf of Mexico, a few miles west, kept them cool.

"Wonder what the kids in Chicago are doing now," said Jimmy, glancing disgustedly at the spongers who were working on their boats a few feet away. "Bet they aren't smelling rotten old sponges. Why did we have to move down here with Daddy, anyway?"

"I kind of like it, Jimmy," said Emily

timidly. "The sponge boats are painted such pretty colors and have such funny names."

She read from the bows: "*Halki, Asteropi, Uncle Sam, President Lincoln.*"

"Oh, girls like anything," snorted Jimmy. "I'm going home."

"Tell Mama I'm going to play with Caliope Matsoukis for awhile," said Emily. "Her mother is teaching us a Greek dance for the school party."

Jimmy crossed Anclote Boulevard, and walked slowly toward the center of town, keeping in the shade of the little stores and houses on the west side of Athens Street.

"Hey, Jimmy!" he heard someone call as he passed a sidewalk coffee shop where spongers were talking, while they sipped thick and bitter Greek coffee from tiny



white cups. "Come over and get some *kurabea*.\*"

Jimmy saw that it was Michl Pavaris, one of the boys in his grade at school. "Can't," replied Jimmy. "Got to go home."

Under his breath he muttered, "*Kurabea!* Why don't they give it an American name?"

EARLY SUNDAY morning, Jimmy and Emily went with their mother to the Sponge Wharf to say good-by to their father who was going sponging on the *Porpoise*. This was to be his first job as a sponge diver although he had been a deep-sea diver in the Navy during the war. The families of the other spongers were at the wharf, too, and so was the Bishop of the Greek Church.

"Take care of yourself," said their mother to their father as he stepped over the high bow of the *Porpoise*.

"I sure wish I could go with you, Dad," said Jimmy.

"You take care of your mother and sister," said his father. "That's your job."

The *Porpoise* started its Diesel motor, the men on the wharf cast off the heavy rope, and the seven spongers on the boat waved good-by to their friends and families. They all knew that it might be two months before they would see each other again.

"Good-by, good-by," called Jimmy and Emily as the orange and white boat moved slowly down the Anclote River toward the Gulf of Mexico where the best sponges grow on the sandy bottom 100 or more feet down.

When the *Porpoise* was out of sight, Jimmy and Emily and their mother took one of the tiny blue buses to town.

"Ask your Sunday school teacher to show you a picture of a fishing boat in Bible times," said Mrs. Winson. "You'll see that it looks almost exactly like the *Porpoise* from the outside."

"Why don't they use up-to-date boats?" asked Jimmy. "Bet Chicago wouldn't put stoves and Diesel motors and radios on the inside, and then keep the outside so old-fashioned. Just like everything else here!"

"Hush, Jimmy," said his mother sharply. "The people on the bus will hear you. Some

day you'll learn that it isn't important how people dress or talk or make their living; it's what they're like as people."

On Wednesday afternoon, Jimmy and Emily were sent home early from school. Emily ran into the house ahead of Jimmy. "Mama, a hurricane's coming!"

"Is that true, Jimmy?" asked their mother as Jimmy sauntered up the back porch steps pretending that he wasn't in the least excited.

"Yes, the hurricane flag is up on the weather tower at the Sponge Exchange."

"I'm going next door to find out what Mrs. Balotis is doing to get ready. She came here 40 years ago with the first sponge divers. She'll know what we should do," said their mother.

"Bet it's no worse than a Chicago wind and rain storm," said Jimmy. "What danger could there be?"

Just before dawn the next morning, Jimmy and Emily were awakened by the howling of the wind and the slapping of palm fronds against the house.

"I'm scared, Mama," said Emily. "And I'm worried about Daddy."

"Daddy will be all right," comforted her mother. "The *Porpoise* has a radio to tell

Emily and Jimmy and their mother waved until the sponge boat was out of sight.



\* *Kurabea*—chopped pecans in sugar, butter, flour; covered with thick powdered sugar, and delicious!

when the hurricane will strike. They'll have plenty of time to go into a harbor."

Jimmy was quiet, and a little pale. He was scared too, but he wouldn't admit it. Suddenly there was a loud crash followed by a rattling of wood against wood from the front of the house. Jimmy dashed to the door and opened it before his mother could stop him.

Instantly the living-room was filled with rain, flying wood, and branches of trees.

"Quick, Emily," shouted her mother. "Get into the bedroom and close the door!"

Then, holding to the heavy table and half crawling, she reached Jimmy, who was lying under the door which the wind had wrenched from its hinges. She dragged him back to the bedroom and pushed the dresser against the door to hold it tight against the gale.

Jimmy began to moan. "My leg! Oh, my leg!"

His mother picked up the phone to call the doctor. It was dead. Emily ran to the window and peeked through the storm shutters. She could just make out the house next door through the almost solid sheets of rain and the bending palms.

"We'll have to wait until it's over," said their mother. "It won't be long. The first part came while you were asleep. The second part of a hurricane usually is more severe but shorter, Mrs. Balotis told me."

She made Jimmy as comfortable as she could and tucked Emily in bed, too. Then the three Winsons talked and sang and finally fell asleep while the hurricane began to move eastward.

They were awakened by a pounding on the bedroom door and a voice calling, "Mrs. Winson, are you all right?"

"Yes, except for Jimmy's leg," answered Mrs. Winson.

"I'll send my Joe for the doctor," Mrs. Balotis offered, hurrying back to her house through the yard, which was littered with broken branches and pieces of wood.

Later, when Jimmy had had his badly bruised leg cared for and the three Winsons were eating the hot breakfast Mrs. Balotis had brought over, Jimmy said, "This Greek bread is swell, isn't it?"

"Yes," said his mother. "The Greeks are

noted for their cooking. When your leg is better we'll go to one of the restaurants on Anclote Boulevard and you can try stuffed grape leaves and Greek salad."

"I had some goat cheese, Mama, at Caliope's house," said Emily. "I didn't like it much, though."

"You would after trying it a few times, Emily. I think you'll both like this *baklava*\* that Nicholas brought you," replied her mother.

Jimmy took a bite. "Say, this is really good even if it does have a queer name."

DURING THE next week while Jimmy's leg kept him away from school, he learned how kind and generous people can be to a new neighbor. Michl and Nicholas and the Protoni twins and some of the other boys in his room ran in after school to tell him what was going on. The women of the neighborhood brought good things for him to eat. Even the Bishop visited one morning and told him exciting stories about sponge-diving.

Monday afternoon brought the best surprise of all. The *Porpoise* came in early from its trip. Its hold was so full of high-grade sponges that bunches of them had been hung from the rigging.

Mr. Winson heard the news about his family when he jumped off the *Porpoise*. He walked to his house as fast as his long legs would take him.

"What's this I heard about you, young man?" he asked Jimmy, who was hobbling about the kitchen.

"I wasn't much help to you, Dad," said Jimmy shamefacedly.

"But he likes Tarpon Springs better now, Daddy," said Emily.

"Yep," agreed Jimmy. "When my leg's O.K. I'm going to help Michl load sponges for his father every Saturday, and Nick's Dad is going to let us go out on the excursion boat, and the twins and I. . . ."

"Looks like our Jimmy's adopted Tarpon Springs," interrupted Mr. Winson.

"Or perhaps it is the other way around," smiled Mrs. Winson.

\* Baklava: pastry made of many layers of very thin dough with layers of chopped nuts between, honey over all, and baked.

# SPONGE DIVERS in Tarpon Springs

These pictures are from Jimmy's new home in Florida. See story on page 4.

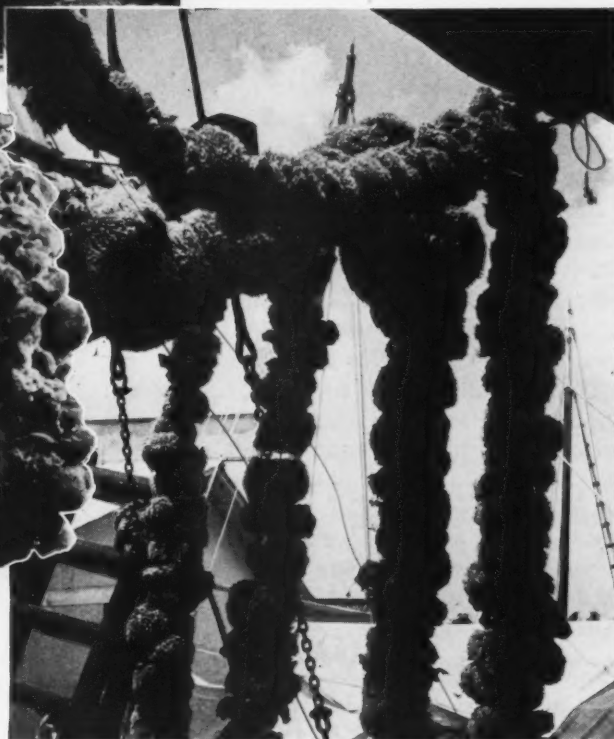
PHOTOS BY GLADYS M. RELYEA



▲ Greek children living in Tarpon Springs enjoy dressing in authentic old Greek costumes for a feast day parade.



◀ Sponge divers' boats on the Anclote River. These boats are like the "Porpoise" on which Jimmy's father sailed.



▲ Sponges hanging in bunches from a boat just in port after a sponging trip.

◀ A worker carries bunches of sponges from the boats at dock into the Sponge Exchange, where they will be sold at auction.



## My Name Is "Erkki"

*"Welcome to America!" That is the message Junior Red Cross members are sending—along with their gifts—to U. S. ports at which children from DP camps in Germany are now arriving. In this story an Estonian boy tells how your gifts help the newcomers to feel at home.*

SO, THIS IS going to be my new American home? It seems to have lots of windows in it, and two whole stories!

Father said the house we used to have in Estonia was almost as big as this. That could be, but I don't remember.

I do remember the long walk when we had to leave our home in a hurry.

We didn't have another home to go to, so sometimes we slept in railroad stations. Sometimes we slept in barns, or on people's porches, or where houses used to be.

But most of the time we didn't sleep at all but kept on walking and walking. I surely was tired when we finally came to that camp in Germany.

I remember those camp houses very well. They were long, brown wooden houses, which the big people called "barracks."

Father said that the United Nations took care of people like us who had lost their homes until they could find a place to go.

There wasn't much to do in this camp. We had very few toys and there was no real place where children could play.

JUNIOR RED CROSS service for Displaced Persons begins while the people are still in camps in Germany. During the past year 12,000 gift boxes, 5,000 soft toys, and 1,300 knitted bed socks have been shipped there.

Through the National Children's Fund, needed school supplies have also been sent to DP camps in the American zone of Germany. These items included maps of the USA, world atlases, English language grammars and readers, copybooks, pencils, chalk.

To make their journey to the United States more pleasant, Junior Red Cross has sent to the European ports of embarkation; 5,000 pairs of children's shoes, and for use on board ship, 50 sets of library books, 10,000 Christmas stockings of candy, and 50 recreational kits.



PHOTO BY KANNELAUD, I.R.C.

**WAITING TO SAIL**—A Lithuanian girl and her brother read about an American movie as they await the ship which will take them to the U. S.

We did have one swell Christmas party when all the children received gifts. I was lucky to get candy and a Red Cross stocking full of toys. That was real fun.

Then I heard we were coming to the United States.

Father said there was a family in the United States who would give him a job and a place to live.

Mother kept saying, "Everything is going to be all right now."

And then some men in uniform asked us questions, and we had to fill out many forms.

My name is Erkki—it has two k's, I told them. I am 10 years old. My occupation is schoolboy.

IN A FEW WEEKS they sent us all to a place they called a "staging area." Here we had a much nicer place to live than in the camp. We could almost smell the salt air. Often we would hear the low "whoom" of the steamships.

Here we met a man with a Red Cross patch on his hat. He saw that Father's suit was worn at the elbows, so he gave him a new sweater.

He also gave Father and Mother a bag



in which they found many useful things.

But, you know what was the biggest surprise of all? I got a great big present all to myself! And so did Elena, my sister.

It was a box which had so many different things that I could hardly count that high—soap, toothbrush, comb, tie. A pair of socks that actually fit, a bag of marbles. A trick



NATIONAL LUTHERAN COUNCIL

**ON THE MARCH**—This family of displaced persons in Camp Valka, Germany, is eager to begin the voyage to their new home in America.

game with B-B's which I still can't work, and lots of other things.

The outside of the box said it was a gift of the children of a school in Canton, Ohio through the American Junior Red Cross.

**THAT NIGHT** we went on board ship.

Mother and Elena were sent with a number of other women in one big room.

Father and I were sent to another room where there were only men. Here Father met some old friends and soon they were talking about the old country and what they expected to find in the new one.

The next day was bright and sunny and we all went up on deck.

A section of the deck had been roped off for all children to play on.

A very beautiful lady with blonde hair, who, to my surprise, could speak our language, dragged out a big box on which we

could see a big Red Cross. She told us that it contained toys sent to us from the American Junior Red Cross.

She gave us jumping ropes, quoits, checkers. Picture books, cut-out books, coloring books. Crayons, scissors, pencils.

The next day we found that the American Junior Red Cross had also sent a whole library of wonderful books all filled with beautiful pictures.

That started us off into asking hundreds of questions. Sometimes the beautiful blonde lady could answer these questions. But most of the time she would call on one of the American soldiers or sailors to give the answers.



ACME PHOTO FROM AMERICAN RED CROSS

**IS THERE A BOX FOR ME?**—Children in a German DP camp receive gift boxes from America.

Sometimes the weather was rough so we remained below deck. I sat in my room playing with my picture book while Father kept saying he didn't feel like eating anything today. Elena, too, seemed to lose her appetite when the waves splashed a little bit.

**MANY DAYS LATER** Mother told me to pack all my things. She said we were going to land in the United States the next day.

We didn't sleep much that night. Mother

said I was up at 4 o'clock in the morning. At 6 o'clock, a little boat came alongside and many men in uniform climbed on board. Again they asked questions.

One of these men looked down my throat. Another man looked at Father's papers. We must have had enough papers because the man in uniform said something that sounded like "ookkayneggspleese," and pointed to the gangplank.

There was a band playing on the dock and maybe that's the reason I tripped and almost lost my little handbag.

Here again we found a lady with the same kind of armband we had seen at the staging area. She told us to sit down in a place where there was a big letter "L" and said our baggage would come here.

While we waited, some nice ladies in light

**ON THE PIER**—When their boat docked in Boston these DP children enjoyed coloring books and crayons sent by their JRC friends in America. ▼

AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO



blue uniforms with Red Cross on their hats brought us milk and round cakes with holes in them and candy and cookies.

Father said he had no money to pay for it, but the lady said it was all right, it was all free, and did we want any more.

Then a man in uniform asked Father to open the suitcase and, just as Mother said it would happen, everything spilled on the floor.

Everything turned out all right and soon I was in a train riding awfully fast.

In the train a man kept looking at us and finally asked Father if we were DP's. Father told him we were but said we would much prefer to be called "New Americans." I know I don't want to be called a DP, and I do want to be a good American.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew Father was shaking me and told me we had to get off. Here we were met by a man with a beautiful car.

He spoke some strange foreign language but Father said he could understand him. He drove us to our new home, the one with lots of windows and two stories.

Suddenly around the corner of the house a boy came running toward me. He pushed in my hands something round and rubbery and kept saying, "Let's play ball."

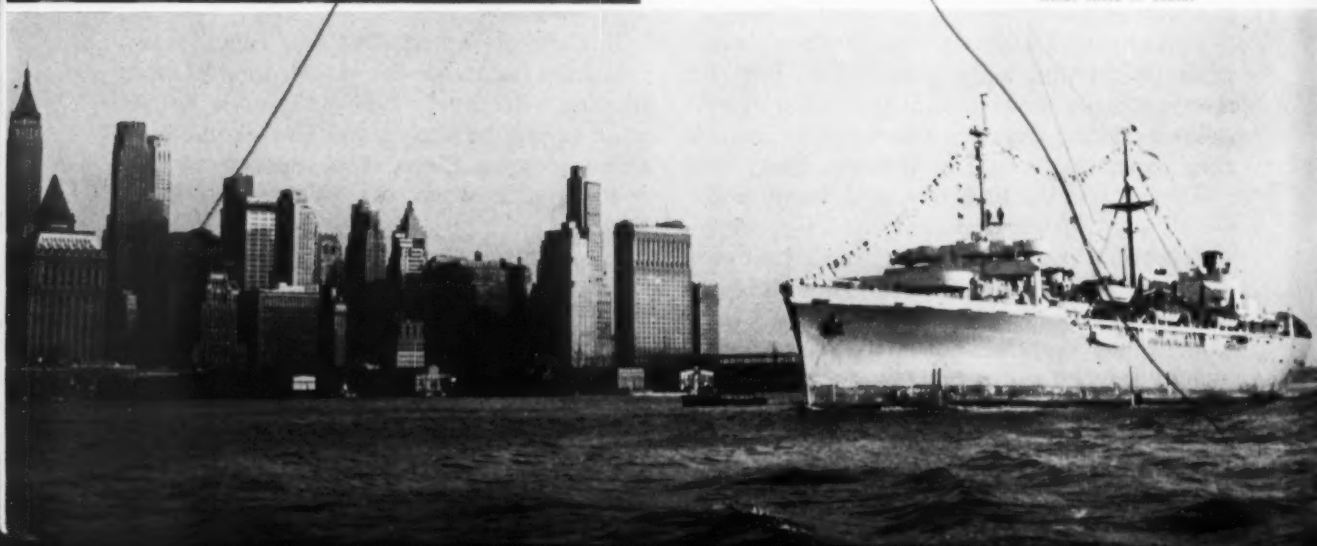
I could see he wanted to be my friend because he kept shaking my hand and putting his arm around me.

You know, I think I'm going to like living in my new American home.

*(Written for the NEWS by Samuel Krakow.)*

**FIRST SHIP** to bring DP persons to America was the Army transport "General Black," which arrived in New York harbor October 30, 1948. ▼

I.R.C. PHOTO BY ZEGART



# Albums Come

## —and Go!

**H**AS YOUR CLASS ever had the fun of having an album come from some school overseas? Or better yet, have you prepared one to go to a school in a faraway land? An exchange of albums is one of the best ways to get acquainted with people in another part of the world or in another section of the United States.



*Eaton Rapids, Mich.*

Plan early to get your album on its way. Make it something you will be proud to send, for an album really introduces you and your country wherever it goes.



The cover of your album is like the show window of a store. It gives a hint as to the quality of the "goods" within! Covers can be decorative. The Red Cross symbol should be used either on the cover or the flyleaf. It should be shown on a white background with no part of a design or picture over it.

Use letter form in presenting your subjects. Limit

the number of letters to five in albums which must be translated. One letter should be about your Junior Red Cross activities.

Original drawings, cut-outs, full-page or marginal sketches, photos, samples of your handiwork add

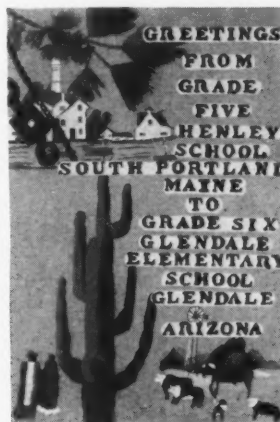
ALBUMS come from many climes,  
With pictures, letters, rhymes.  
Thus we learn to understand  
Life and thought in many a land.

We respond with albums, too,  
Tell of what we know and think and do.  
So Junior Red Cross joins hands  
With boys and girls in other lands.

Thus understanding grows apace  
Between each color, creed, and race—  
And so we grow from day to day,  
Shaping our lives in a friendly way.

—7th Grade Pupils  
Broad Rock School  
Chesterfield County, Virginia

to the attractiveness of your album. Be careful, however, that you don't make a scrapbook of post-cards or magazine clippings.



Handwriting should be your very best. Correct spelling, good grammar, neatness, all speak loudly to those who will receive your album.

*Dear Friends,  
Great Falls is located  
falls of the Missouri Ri  
the largest branch of t  
River.  
The population of t  
fifty thousand people, &  
is a prairie city. locate.*

If your class and your teacher want to know more about how to prepare and send albums, ask the chapter JRC chairman for the booklet *The American Junior Red Cross School Correspondence* (ARC 621). It is free.



# Friendships— in the Zoo

MARGUERITE AIMI

WASHINGTON POST PHOTO

◀ DR. MANN, Director of the zoo in Washington, D. C., shows a visitor a baby lion that just arrived at the zoo.

"MICKEY, I want to look at these walls in the cafeteria. Noah's Ark and all the animals are on them." Anna spoke stubbornly, as she stood in the doorway at the Washington, D. C., zoo.

"So what!" Mickey answered. "Who wants to see painted elephants and giraffes? I'd rather look at live ones."

"Mother says the animals on these walls are carved out of linoleum. I want to see them."

"Go look at them, then. I'll buy some popcorn," growled Mickey. "Do you want some?"

"I want peanuts. Animals like peanuts better."

"Oh, what a pain you are! I don't see why I brought you. Where's your money?"

"Mickey, instead, let's buy a sandwich and eat it on the porch of the cafeteria. We can watch the ducks and swans in the pond below. There are hundreds of them."

"I don't want to look at ducks."

"You said you'd rather see live things." Anna seemed about to cry.

While the children were talking, a man wearing glasses had been standing near them. Now, with a twinkle in his eye, he walked over to them.

"It seems to me you two youngsters are having some difficulty agreeing with each other. I'm Dr. Mann. Maybe I can tell you some things about the zoo that you both will enjoy."

"Are you Dr. William Mann, Director of the Zoo?" It was Mickey who spoke first.

"That's right."

"Jeepers, Anna; Dr. Mann has been all over the world collecting animals. He's famous. He even traveled with a circus." Mickey was impressed.

"I'm glad to meet you, Dr. Mann," Anna said politely.

"I overheard you fussing with her, Mickey," Dr. Mann told him. "Why can't you two get along better?"

"She just came to this country—she doesn't know our ways."

"What's that to do with it?"

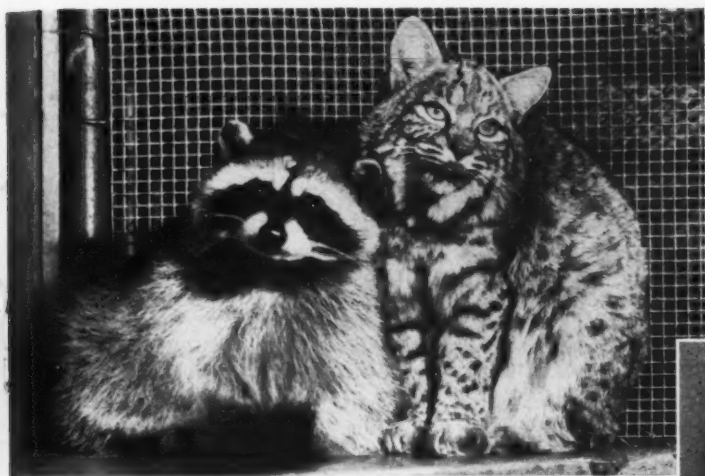
"My dad says people from different countries never get along together," Mickey answered.

"Animals do. How would you like to come to the Lion House with me? I'll show you three tigers that have a story to prove strange friendships."

"Please take us, Dr. Mann." Anna was all smiles now. Mickey, too, looked interested.

Dr. Mann, with the boy and girl, entered the Lion House and walked over to one of the cages. In it were three frisky tigers





WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, INC.

◀ **ZOO PALS**—Very chummy is this pair—a raccoon and bobcat—usually found as scrappers in any zoo. Attendants call them “perfect pals,” since they’ve grown up that way from birth in the zoo.

WASHINGTON POST PHOTO

**WHEN DO WE EAT?** These baby tigers were adopted by a puma in the zoo who mothered them as if they were her own children. ▼

almost a year old.

“The mother of these animals,” Dr. Mann told them, “was the Bengal tigress, Gal, a very unpleasant lady. Gal had cubs three times before, but she always stepped on them, rolled on them, or carried them in her mouth while she stalked back and forth in her cage. The poor cubs could not stand this rough treatment and would die.”

“How did these cubs happen to live, Dr. Mann?” Mickey wanted to know.

“That’s the story I’d like you to hear. This time when the cubs were born, one of the keepers decided to do something about it right away. With great care and patience, the keeper got the babies out of the cage without injuring them.”



“What did the keeper do with the cubs, Dr. Mann? They had to have a mother.” Anna was concerned.

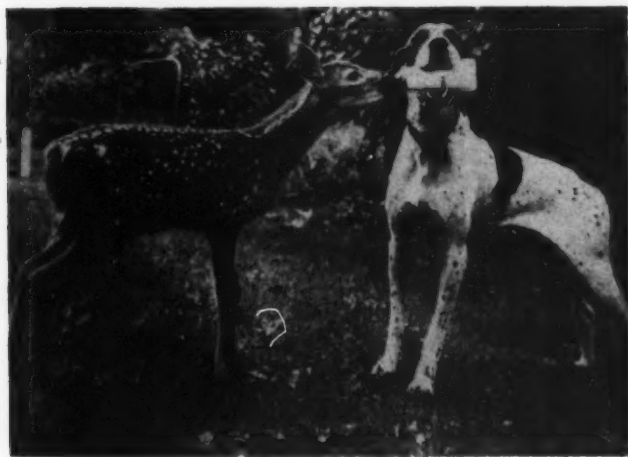
“They certainly did, Anna. The keeper took the baby tigers in a basket to his office. In a cage not far from that of Gal and Ben, the father of the cubs, there was a puma from New Mexico. Three weeks before the tigers were born, this puma had had kittens of her own. They were now 26 days old and, while not yet big enough to eat solid food, they could be fed with a bottle. The puma, unlike Gal, was a good mother and kind to her babies.”

“Did the keeper give the baby tigers to the puma?” Mickey asked.

“The first day,” Dr. Mann told him, “the keeper placed only two of the small tigers in the puma cage to see how well they would get along. The other two he kept in his office, feeding them with a bottle.”

“Then there were four cubs, Dr. Mann! Now there are only three.”

“One of the little fellows died the first night, Anna, before he was placed in the puma’s cage. He was a runt. The puma



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, INC.

**BRINGING UP BABY**—Spot, a pointer, helps in the upbringing of a 10-week-old motherless fawn by holding the all-important bottle of milk.

was wonderful with her new children. She licked the small tigers with her tongue to clean them. She guarded them constantly so that nothing could harm them. When they were hungry, she nursed them. She was so good to them that, the following day, the keeper placed the third baby tiger with her. The puma proved that she could be as kind to adopted babies as to her own. Although she was from North America herself, she mothered cubs from faraway India. It made no difference to her that the babies were from another land."

"Do you know any other stories about strange animal friendships, Dr. Mann?" Mickey asked.

"They happen all the time. There was a green monkey from Africa here in the zoo who became friendly with a cat."

"That must have been funny," Anna laughed.

"The cat just wandered in from the streets of Washington, Anna. She sneaked into the cage with the monkey and they lived together for years."

"Did they eat the same food?" Mickey asked.

"No. The monkey was a vegetarian and the cat ate meat. They played with each other all day long. The monkey was always looking through the cat's fur as monkeys do, and he would pet her."

"I like the stories you tell, Dr. Mann, because they're true." It was Mickey who spoke.

"I can tell you one more before I go back to my office, about Papito and Cicina."

"Who were they?" Anna asked eagerly.

**TRUE FRIENDS**—This baby blue jay and cat live together in perfect harmony—they never fight. ▼

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, INC.



"Papito was a jack rabbit. When only a week old, he was given to an Italian lady who lived near the zoo. He was a clean rabbit and learned quickly. For a home, Papito had a box in a corner of the kitchen. When you called him he would come to you and, if he were scolded, he would hurry to the box. The rabbit followed his owner all over the house.

"One day, the Italian lady found a sparrow that had been run over. The bird had but one foot. She took the sparrow to her house, clipped the wings, and nursed her back to health. She named the bird Cicina.

"The newcomer was given another and smaller box in the kitchen for her own use. Cicina also was taught cleanliness and soon learned never to dirty the house. The rabbit and the sparrow grew to be great pals, and in a short time the bird was able to balance herself on one leg on top of Papito's head.

"AS PAPITO grew older, he missed not being with other rabbits, and he began to bite. His mistress could not cure him of this bad habit, so finally she had to take him out in the woods and let him go. Cicina missed Papito so much that she soon died."

"That was too bad!" Anna said sadly.

"Friendships usually break up if one of the friends cannot be trusted," Dr. Mann told them.

"Or if they quarrel much," Mickey added.

"If people would just try to understand each other, everything would be fine."

Dr. Mann glanced at his watch. "I have to get back to my office now, but, if you two would like to walk there with me, I can show you some unusual pictures of animal friends in other parts of the country. There is one of a dog holding a nursing bottle for a fawn, and another shows a bobcat and raccoon sitting close together."

"Oh, thanks, Dr. Mann!" Anna said quickly. "I'd like to see them."

"A cat and a bird are seldom friends, but I have a photograph that proves that even this is possible."

As Dr. Mann turned to go up the path to his office he looked back at the children, and they were holding hands. Their quarreling was entirely forgotten.

# A Tag for Sally

ELIZABETH A. BOARDMAN

Illustrations by  
Janet Smalley



Ted had received a card for his dog Tippie. "But I'm not going to take her to the clinic," he told Tommy. "There isn't much danger of rabies."

"DOES THIS mean I have to take Sally, Mother?" Tommy came running into the kitchen where his mother sat peeling apples. He held a postcard in his hand. His face wore a puzzled look.

"Take Sally where?" his mother asked. Breathlessly Tommy read:

"BRING YOUR DOG (OR DOGS) TO THE FREE RABIES VACCINATION CLINIC WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 17, FROM 7:00 to 9:00 P. M. AT THE FIREHOUSE. THE DOG MUST BE ON A LEASH AND ACCOMPANIED BY A PERSON CAPABLE OF CONTROLLING HIM."

"Of course you must," said his mother. "Rabies is a serious disease. In this town dogs have to be vaccinated for it every year, you know."

Tommy was quiet a moment. Then he asked: "Will it hurt her very much?"

"Not any more than it hurt you when you were vaccinated for smallpox."

Tommy thought it over. The vaccination hadn't really hurt. But he had been pretty scared—at first. He hoped Sally wouldn't be scared.

Next morning he went to see Ted Owens,

who lived next door. Yes, Ted had received a card for his dog Tippie, too.

"But I'm not going to take her," said Ted. "There isn't much danger of rabies. Hardly any dogs get it. So what's the use of hurting the poor animals?"

"Do you think it really hurts them?" Tommy asked.

"You just go there and listen to the dogs yipping if you don't think it hurts!"

TOMMY walked home slowly. Somehow it seemed worse to have Sally hurt than to be hurt himself. That night he told his father and mother what Ted had said. But they agreed that Sally must be vaccinated.

The evening of the vaccination clinic came. Suddenly Tommy had a great deal of homework.

"I can't go," said Tommy. "I have too much work to do."

"No argument!" his father answered sternly. "If you want to keep Sally, you must take her to the clinic."

Tommy stood still for a minute trying to figure a way out. But he couldn't. So he snapped the leash on Sally's collar and started down the street. He walked slowly with Sally tugging and pulling ahead.

As he got near the firehouse where the

clinic was being held he could hear the dogs barking and howling. Sally looked up at him, and her eyes asked him: "What is all this about?"

She trusted him! How could he take her in that place to be hurt?

As he stood waiting, trying to decide what to do, suddenly he saw a bright object lying in the grass. He picked it up. It was a vaccination tag! The clip to attach it to the dog's collar was there, too.

What luck! All he had to do was put it on Sally. Mother, father, everyone, would believe she had been vaccinated. She wouldn't be protected from rabies, of course. . . . But after all, Ted Owens had said there was very little danger. . . . Boy, oh boy, this was his lucky night!

He didn't dare get back home too early. He walked slowly with Sally leaping about on her leash. After they had circled the block several times they went into the house. In the kitchen Tommy hunted up a pair of pliers and fastened the tag on Sally's collar.

Then he went into the living room where his mother sat mending. "See, Mother?"

He pulled Sally toward her. "A brand new vaccination tag!"

"Fine," answered his mother. "Better give me the paper to keep. I'll put it away so it won't get lost."

"The paper? What paper?"

"Why, the slip that shows Sally has been vaccinated. Didn't they give you one? They're supposed to. . ."

Tommy could feel his face turning red. He began to look through his pockets. "Gee, I must have left it over there. I—I'll go back and get it."

"Never mind, if you've lost it. Dr. Tully will have a copy. He can look it up if Sally should get sick or if we need it for any reason."

Tommy sat down. Sally curled cosily around his feet. He hadn't realized there had to be a slip of paper. Maybe some other boy was getting a scolding this very minute for having lost that tag Sally was wearing. And what if Sally should get sick and maybe have rabies? Trouble piled up in his mind.

"You weren't gone long, Tommy," his mother said. "There must not have been much of a crowd. Did Sally behave?"

Tommy got up suddenly. "Mother, I'm



As Tommy stood waiting, trying to decide what to do, suddenly he saw a bright object lying in the grass. He picked it up.



going back to get that slip! Come on, Sally. You can go too."

"Maybe it is a good idea," his mother answered. "But don't be long. Remember you still have that homework."

Outside, he quickly removed the tag from Sally's collar. When they reached the firehouse, the line was much shorter.

Tommy watched the dogs get their shots, one by one. Not one of them made a whimper. "Oh, Sally," he whispered, "I hope you will be as good as that!"

Now it was Sally's turn. Dr. Tully lifted her up onto the table and quickly swabbed each shoulder with alcohol. Two thrusts of the needle and it was all over! Sally hadn't made a sound or moved a hair.

"O.K., my boy. Who's next?"

"You mean that's all there is to it?"

"All but getting your certificate over there. Mrs. Tully will make it out for you."

Sally pulled and hauled at him. She wanted to be outside in the clear October evening. Tommy tucked the slip of paper in his pocket and started off. Then he remembered and came back.

"Mrs. Tully, I found this vaccination tag on the street. I thought I'd better bring it in to you."

"Why, thanks, Tommy. Somebody will be looking for this."

Only one unpleasant thing remained. He would have to tell his mother the whole story. He straightened up his shoulders and walked briskly toward home. "Come on, Sally," he said. "We have one more job to do before we get to that homework!"



## Juniors at Work

*Boys and girls in the northeast section of Eastern Area keep busy with Junior Red Cross work. On this page and the following pages 18 and 19, you will find stories and pictures telling about their activities.*

### JUNIOR RED CROSS FILM

"WE LEARN TO SERVE" is the title of a film which won a special award for its producers, the Junior Red Cross of Roosevelt School, Union City, N. J. Roosevelt was the only elementary school to win an award for a student-produced movie, given by New York University Motion Picture Department.

Script writing and photography for this 100-foot black-and-white film were done by the Eighth Grade. The film gave a birds'-eye view of Junior Red Cross in the school and community.

### JUNIORS VISIT THE UNITED NATIONS

DID YOU KNOW that school boys and girls may visit the United Nations headquarters at Lake Success, Long Island, and see firsthand the work the delegates are doing? That is what Junior Red Cross members at Center School, New Canaan, Conn., did recently after they had studied about UN in their classes.

Their trip was arranged by UN guides who showed them around the headquarters. The boys and girls then met Mr. James Thorn of New Zealand, president of the Economics and Social Council of UN, in whose work the Juniors had been especially interested.

Then they went to a meeting of the Council and saw Mr. Thorn presiding. They were equipped with earphones so that they could hear the speeches in foreign languages translated into English.

### LIVE WIRES IN BINGHAMTON

TO THOSE who review school correspondence albums at our National Headquarters, it was no surprise to read in a recent letter from the Julius Rogers School in Binghamton, N. Y., that Junior Red Cross activities are very important in the daily lives of its members.

As long as we can remember, Binghamton schools have been packing gift boxes. They also make holi-

day favors and afghans for the veterans hospital in Bath, N. Y.

Evidently the Binghamton Junior Red Cross is ready for emergencies and does not shirk hard jobs. In their recent album prepared for the Winter's Wells School, Wintersburg, Arizona, they write that when their community was troubled by flood last year they considered it a "wonderful opportunity to help with cleaning up the ruin the river left behind."

#### JUNIOR RED CROSS WORKERS

Our Junior Red Cross Council  
Is busy as can be  
Preparing gifts for children  
Far across the sea.  
We're working with a mighty will  
On albums, quilts, and toys  
To send to children, well and ill,  
And fill their days with joys.

*Fourth Grade, Webster School,  
Weehawken, N. J.*

#### TURN-ABOUT

WHEN Anna Nackos heard that her schoolmates in Yonkers, N. Y., were going to fill gift boxes, she could not wait to get started. She filled four boxes, using her own money and doing her own shopping.

You see, Anna, who is 11 years old, lived in war-torn Greece before coming to America several years ago, and she used to look forward eagerly to receiving Junior Red Cross gift boxes. Now, as a member of the Junior Red Cross at her school, she helps to pack boxes for boys and girls overseas.

Anna says that, during the war and the occupation, life in Greece was very hard. But thanks to the Red Cross and Junior Red Cross through gifts of food, clothing, and shoes, the people of Greece received relief from this situation.

**KNIT ONE, PURL ONE**—JRC members of State Street School, Jefferson County, N. Y., knit for a veterans hospital. ➤

PHOTO BY WILLIAM MURRAY

**HER TURN NOW**—Anna Nackos (seated) tells her schoolmates about the gift box she received in Greece. Now she packs boxes herself (story above).



PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPHERS

▲ IT'S FUN TO PACK GIFT BOXES, say these JRC boys and girls of Brooklyn, N. Y., Chapter.



PHOTO BY BART FAY, "NORWALK HOUR"

▲ TO HELP OTHERS—Crippled children at West Ave. School, Norwalk, Conn., wove a yarn rug, sold it, and gave the money to Red Cross.



# FILLING THE GIFT BOX

*A Play for Primary Children*

*The filling of gift boxes got off to a fine start in Central School, Glen Ridge, N. J., last fall. This little play, given by primary children, was enjoyed by the entire school. A large carton, decorated to look like an AJRC gift box, is the only scenery needed. Both ends are removed and wooden strips nailed on as supports. One end of the box is concealed by the curtain so that the children may enter the box and disappear backstage. Each child wears a large picture of the article he represents pinned to his shoulders.*

—Edith F. Miller, West Caldwell, N. J.

It is late at night. The "gifts" are talking together as they examine the AJRC gift box in the center of the stage.

**WASHCLOTH**—Here we are waiting to be put in the Junior Red Cross gift boxes. I'm tired waiting around.

**TOOTHPASTE**—I am too. I want to start on the trip overseas.

**RED CAR**—It will be fun to belong to some boy or girl who has never had a toy.

**COMB**—Well, it won't be long now. All the boxes must be packed by the end of the month.

**WASHCLOTH**—I have an idea. Let's fill this box sitting here. Teachers are so busy I don't believe Miss Brown will realize that there's one less box to pack.

**COMB**—Oh yes! Let's see how many of us can fit into the box!

**ALL (Jumping up and down)**—Yes! Yes!

**BALL**—I'll go first. Everyone likes a ball. (He enters the box)

**SOAP**—American children don't like soap very much but the children overseas think I'm pretty special. Come on, Washcloth. (Enters box)

**WASHCLOTH**—Wherever Soap goes, I'll go too. (Enters box)

**COMB**—You all look so clean and new. I'm so ashamed. The girl who brought me meant well, but no one would want an old, dirty comb. (Exit rear, crying)

**TOOTHPASTE**—That was too bad about Comb, but I know I'll be popular. Imagine starting the day without toothpaste! (Enters box)

**YELLOW CAR**—Either a girl or a boy would like me. Let me get in next. (Enters box)

**GREEN CAR**—Two cars won't be too many for one box. (Enters box)

**RED CAR**—How do you think I feel? The boy who brought me broke one of my wheels. Comb was right—everything must be brand new to go in a gift box. I'm so disappointed that I can't go with my friends. (Exit rear)

**PENCIL**—Make way for me in there. Every box needs a pencil. (Enters box)

**ERASER**—The children overseas make mistakes and like erasers too. (Enters box)

**NOTEBOOK**—Where do Pencil and Eraser think they'd be without paper, I'd like to know! (Enters box)

**BOTTLE OF PERFUME**—Gracious! I've been reading the directions for filling gift boxes. They say, "No glass articles. No perfume." What was Mary thinking of when she brought me? (Exit rear)

**JAR OF CANDY**—"No glass articles." Dear me! That means no jars of candy. And I heard Miss Brown say, "No candy of any kind," too. Why didn't John listen to directions before bringing me? (Looking in box) And there's room in the box, too. It's amazing how much a box can hold. (Exit rear)

**Top (Spinning)**—No more spinning for me till I get overseas. What fun it is to be a top! (Enters box)

**COLORING BOOK (Looking in box)**—Is there room for me? Every child likes to color pictures. (Enters box)

**CRAYONS**—This looks like a tight squeeze. (Enters box, then sticks head out) I made it! But the box is full now. The rest of you will have to get into another box.



COURIER JOURNAL & LOUISVILLE TIMES

FANCY ART WORK decorates jack-o-lanterns made by JRC members, Strother School, Louisville, Ky., for a party which they gave at a nearby hospital.



## Halloween

—Junior Red  
Cross Style—

◀ TRICKS OR TREATS?—Two girls from Fairfax School, Washington, D. C., show you the trick of lighting a jack-o-lantern with a flashlight, instead of a candle flame. If you take their advice, your Halloween fun will be a treat for you. A burning costume could spoil all your fun, you know.

ARC PHOTO BY PARSONS





COURIER-JOURNAL & LOUISVILLE TIMES

◀ ALL FITTED OUT in gay Halloween costumes, boys and girls parade from Longfellow School, Louisville, Ky., to a home for incurables, where they gave favors to the patients and put on a program of songs.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION PHOTO

IT'S HALLOWEEN — Two J R C members at Morningside School, Atlanta, Ga., grin at each other across the ghost which they made out of papier-mâché for a party at a veterans hospital. The spider was made of cork and colored sequins with pipe cleaners for legs. The paper plates made amusing false faces for the patients. >

*Fun!*



◀ IT'S FUN TO MAKE TRAY FAVORS, say JRC members, St. Petersburg, Fla., as they get ready for a Halloween party at the veterans hospital.



# Martha's Secret

ELEANOR C. FISHBURN  
Illustrated by Carolyn Hill



MARTHA



MOTHER



DOT



NANCY

IN the fall



had to go to a new



. The first few

days were not happy. Making new friends was hard. The other



studied

together. They ate their



together. They did not think to invite Martha.



told her



how lonesome she was.



smiled

and whispered into Martha's



, "I'll give you a magic

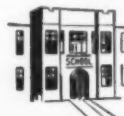


that will

help you make friends. Try this magic

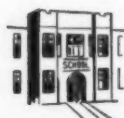


at



tomorrow.

On her way to



next day



saw



, one of the

girls in her room, down on her



, hunting for something in the



"May I help?" asked



"Oh, thanks," said



, "it's my lunch money."

Soon



and



found the



They walked on



to



. At noontime,



found



trying to work her



said, "Maybe I can help you. Come over to my



tonight

and we'll study together."

All day long



found things to do for the boys

and girls at



"Oh, Mother," Martha said when she got



, "the magic



really worked. It helped me make friends all day."

Have you guessed

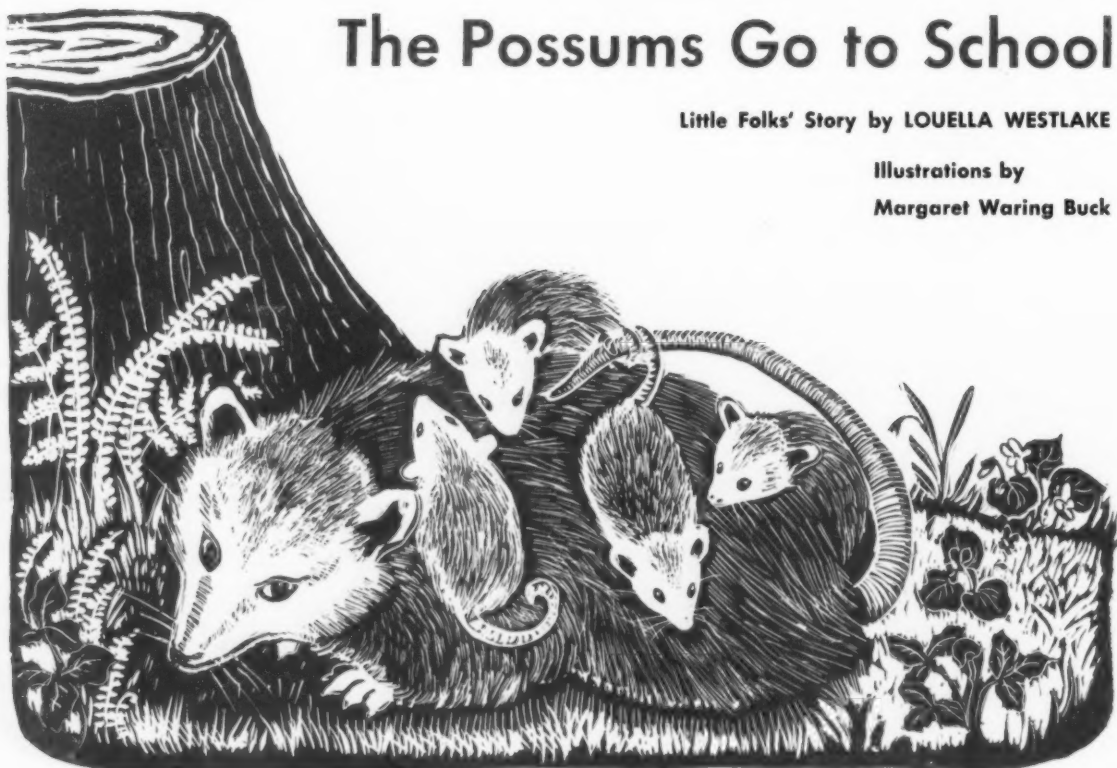


's secret key?

Come close and I'll whisper it in your



*"To make friends, you must be friendly."*



# The Possums Go to School

Little Folks' Story by LOUELLA WESTLAKE

Illustrations by

Margaret Waring Buck

*Little possum lying there,  
Rolled into a ball,  
Playing tricks again I see,  
Fooling one and all.*

MRS. OPOSSUM looked at each of her four little possums and said, "Goodness gracious! How you have grown! I didn't realize. Why, you're almost as big as rats and much too large to carry any longer in my pouch.

"Of course it's been nice having a pouch for you like my cousin, the kangaroo. But now that you are going to school, you shall ride on my back."

"Hurrah for us!" shouted the four little possums.

One by one, they crawled up their mother's side, holding onto her thick

fur with their sharp claws, until they sat in a straight row along her back.

Mrs. Opossum had swung her long tail up to rest on her back. As each little possum found his place, he wrapped his little tail around hers to keep him from falling off as his mother walked.

"Where are we going?" asked the littlest possum, who was sitting up front where it was easier to hold on.

"Out in the woods to learn a few things," said his mother. "That is where possums go to school."

"But it's dark out there," said the second little possum, and for a moment he almost forgot to hold on with his tail.

"Yes," said his mother, "but there is nothing to be afraid of. I showed you how to sleep in the daytime,



hanging by your strong tail from the limb of a tree. You're safe up there.

"Now, I'm going to show you how to take care of yourselves in the woods at night. We hunt our food by the light of the moon. The night and the moon are our friends."

She hurried along through the woods. Her four legs were so short that her fat body was only a few inches off the ground.

At last she came to a clearing where there were no trees. In a moment, she had all of her children in a circle around her.

"When I grow up, will I be the biggest animal in the woods?" asked the second little possum.

"No," said his mother. "The

grizzly bear and the fox will both be larger. But the biggest animal isn't always the smartest, not even the fox."

"Will I be the fastest runner when I grow up?" asked the third little possum.

"No, the squirrel and the rabbit can run faster, but you have long, sharp claws so you can climb a tree easily. You have a pointed nose to help you find insects, fruits, and eggs to eat," said his mother.

"If my claws are long and sharp,

Mama Possum lay down and curled herself into a ball. The four little possums thought she was asleep.



will I be the best fighter in the whole woods?" asked the littlest possum, sticking out his chest.

"No," said his mother, looking at him. "You won't. We don't fight unless we have to. We are peaceful animals. We have other ways of protecting ourselves. It's a little trick. Watch and I will show you."

Mama Possum lay down on the ground and curled herself into a ball. Her mouth was open, and she lay so still, all four little possums thought she was asleep.

"The first little possum whispered, "Mama."

The second little possum said, "Mama."

The third little possum cried, "Mama!"

The fourth little possum went over and stuck his nose into Mama Possum's thick gray fur and shouted, "MAMA, WAKE UP!"

Mama Possum opened her eyes and smiled.

"You see, you thought I was asleep. It's what the other animals in the woods call, 'playing possum.' When you think another animal is trying to pick a quarrel, you just curl up into a little ball,

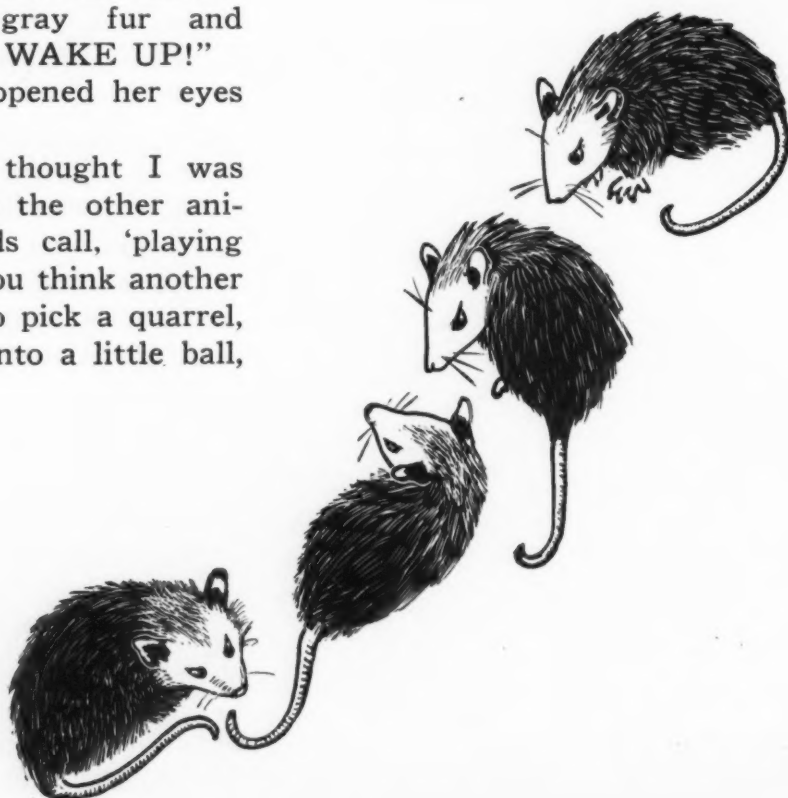
open your mouth, and lie very still. Usually, he will go away. It takes two to make a quarrel, you know.

"That's what I meant when I said the fox isn't always the smartest. Come now, let me see if you can do it."

In a minute, there were four little possums all curled up into four fluffy balls. Mama Possum walked around and looked at each one. They heard her say softly,

*Little possum lying there,  
Rolled into a ball,  
Playing tricks again I see,  
Fooling one and all.*

And the four little possums smiled to themselves because they knew they had really learned something.





LIVING WITH OTHERS is fun for these young Junior Red Cross members in the Hilltop Play School, Chesterfield County, Virginia. They like to belong to Junior Red Cross and to serve with other members all around the world.

#### AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

BASIL O'CONNOR.....President  
The American National Red Cross

LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR.....Vice President  
for Junior Red Cross and Educational Relations,  
The American National Red Cross

EDWARD A. RICHARDS...Director, American Junior Red Cross  
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WILLIAM J. FLYNN.....Assistant Director  
ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON.....Assistant Director  
ELIZABETH W. ROBINSON.....Educational Adviser

LOIS S. JOHNSON.....Editor, the NEWS  
ELEANOR C. FISHBURN.....Managing Editor  
HELEN S. LOENHOLDT.....Art Editor

#### *Next Month*

● November NEWS will tell you about many "Adventures in Growing Up"—

● How one boy helped his dog to grow up properly is told in the story of "Heel, Mike, Heel!"

● Some boys and girls in Germany have already had many adventures in growing up. "Flower Baskets for Sale!" tells about some of these children and how they live.

● The story of "Lucy Tigertail" tells the adventure one little Florida Indian girl had as she was growing up.

● Little folks will find a story about cranberries and another about a squirrel which they will want to read.



BETTY ALDEN



